

LONG ISLAND FORUM



A scene at Gardiner's Island. See Page 162.

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Readers' Forum

Huntington's Old Main Street

The June issue of the Long Island Forum carried a delightful description of Main Street in Huntington as Mr. Raynor remembered it as a boy. It is a wonderful memory picture of the village street as I remember it as a little girl some years later. Perhaps I would have mentioned the old Huntington House set back from the street near the corner of Wall, a hotel with broad verandas and spacious living rooms presided over by Jess Smith and his wife. I could never forget the big druggist bottles in George Rogers' drug store window, one reflecting ruby lights and the other blue, for they were a source of beauty to me.

Being a little girl I would have remembered Miss Brown's "fancy store" near the Suffolk Hotel. It was an occasion when I climbed the steps with my mother and listened with delight as a bell tinkled when the door was opened. There she bought spools of cotton and silk and lengths of lovely ribbon and, if I were fortunate enough as to have twenty-five cents, I would have bought a little box of Colgate's perfume in three small bottles. I recall only the name of one—"Jockey Club."

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The Exploit of Henry Green

RUNNING DOWN old legends and tales is a very fascinating hobby, and frequently leads to rather astonishing and almost unbelievable facts, but the amateur historian soon learns to regard with kindly suspicion most of the items which are told or sent to him. Therefore a tale which is documented; about which there can be no dispute, and which is recorded in town or village records, is like finding a gem in a gravel bank.

In the October, 1959 issue of the Long Island Forum a small paragraph on the last page reads as follows—"Coins from the Money-Ship are still being found. A Southampton man has found two during the past two years. Joseph Raynor, Hampton Bays." These coins, bearing dates which show they were minted between 140 to 160 years ago and which have been known as "beach-dollars" to the inhabitants of Southampton, have been appearing with almost monotonous regularity for well over 150 years. Paul Bailey, Suffolk County Historian, showed us one which had been found and presented to him by a Mrs. M. E. Bell some years ago, and others have been found on the beach at Bridgehampton, Shinnecock and East Hampton. All of which indicate that at some time in the dim past, the North Atlantic had gulped a fortune in silver and was grudgingly disgorging it piece by piece, as though to remind us mortals of the tragedy which overtook the pirates or slavers who manned the Money Ship in 1816.

No less an authority than the well-known author and publisher, Jeannette Edwards Rattray of East Hampton, has described this weird event as "the most mysterious shipwreck story of the Long Island coast," and rightly so, because the ship completely defied identification. It bore

Douglas Tuomey

no nameplate, no shipyard plaque, it flew no flag, and the captain's cabin and locker was devoid of a single scrap of paper or register that would show from whence she came or where she was bound.

The story, which has been told and retold in many versions over the past one hundred years, starts on a cold and wintry evening in November, 1816, when several men living along the ocean-front at Southampton noticed a ship of unusual size and unfamiliar rigging, sailing an erratic course off the coast. She backed and filled; now on one tack and then another, until darkness blotted her out and the watch was abandoned.

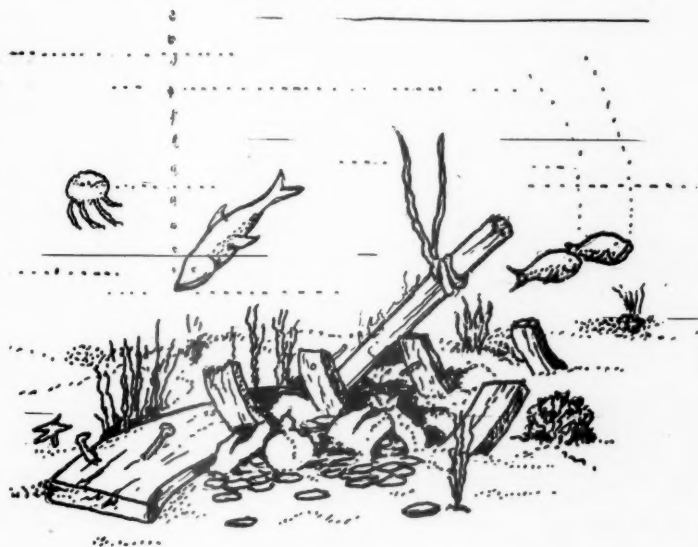
The following morning the vessel was in approximately the same position, and the crowd of people who had now gathered to watch the stranger could make out, with the aid of a spy-glass, that the steering-wheel was lashed down and there was no sign of life aboard her. However, no one had much stomach to try to reach the vessel and

investigate, and she veered west and within several hours drove onto the outer bar off Shinnecock; losing her masts on the impact as the sea was heavy, and finally coming to rest bow in, and listing heavily.

By this time word of the strange ship had found its way along the coast and crowds of the curious gathered to await whatever the day might bring. Finally, a small group of local men rowed out and boarded her, only to be completely baffled by what they found, or better, the complete lack of anything that would establish ownership or identity. The ship was fully equipped and furnished, a very complete armory of cutlasses, muskets and pistols were at hand, there were provisions and bedding, clothes and personal effects. The hold was empty, save for a few casks and broken crates which were unlabeled, but which one of the boarding party thought had contained silk.

At this time of course, there was no way that those on the ship or watching from

(Continued on page 164)



Sketch by the author.

(Continued from page 146)

As a boy Mr. Raynor was probably fascinated with the blacksmith's shop at the other end of the village where he watched the smith take a red-hot horse-shoe from the glowing forge and plunge it into a tub of cold water where it sizzled and steamed. But the blacksmith shop and the wheelwright's shop which he remembers were only accessories to the flourishing carriage business of my father, Timothy F. Scudder. The first post office which I remember was next to my father's place of business. Those were the days when Huntington had a population of less than 5,000 and one knew who everyone was and probably where he lived!

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Ancient Long Island - Part II

Hilda M. Turner

WITH TODAY'S unprecedented influx of people to Long Island causing the mushroom growth of housing developments wherever you look, it is fortunate that State Archeologist Dr. William A. Ritchie decided to investigate Indian habitation sites at the eastern end of the island before the bulldozers of the rapidly advancing developments swallowed up all trace of the transitional Indian culture here—and he certainly acted “in the nick of time.”

This was evidenced at Stony Brook which was a valuable “dig” not only because the area was undisturbed, but quoting Dr. Ritchie, the site “is unique, being the only systematically excavated habitation site of the Orient culture.” But how did Mr. P. Roger Smith of Stony Brook sense or believe that about two miles northeast of the community business center at a slope between Night Heron Drive and the north shore of Aunt Amy's Creek on Stony Brook Shores was the place where the archeologists would unearth a rich find of archaic culture?

He was not wrong, and although the Stony Brook site was known to a few other local people, nature had covered the area so well with Japanese honeysuckle, cat briar, and an added touch of poison ivy together with a wooded section of oak, red cedar, butternut and pine trees, no one else suspected that underneath this growth had been the living quarters of ancient Indians who existed even before the making of pottery had been developed here.

This tract of land belonged to the Stony Brook Shores Corporation and had already been surveyed and sectioned into lots for the development of homes when Mr. Smith



Southwestern portion of the Stony Brook site. Looking southwest to salt marsh bordering Aunt Amy's Creek, before start of excavations. Reproduced through the courtesy of the New York State Museum and Science Service.

advised the State Museum and Science Service archeologists of the site. Again, fortunately, the members of the corporation were enthusiastically interested in the project and willingly gave their consent to the explorations.

Mr. Ward Melville, not only civic but history minded, was also very much interested in the work. When he learned the preliminary investigation made by Dr. Ritchie in 1955 gave evidence that it was an Orient habitation site he gave a generous grant to the Board of Regents of the State of New York to further the explorations. When the work was finished Mr. Melville again manifested his interest by providing another grant that would help defray the expense of publishing the results of the research and also provide for radiocarbon analyses of the charcoal samples taken from the site. (The dating of the samples was done by Professor H. R. Crane of the University of Michigan.)

It must have been very

gratifying to Dr. Ritchie and the other State archeologists to work on an undisturbed two-level Indian habitation site such as they found at Stony Brook and to know that the radiocarbon analyses of charcoal specimens taken from this and other excavations at the eastern end of Long Island are considered “the most completely dated archeological manifestations of Orient complex in the Northeast.”

After the Stony Brook area was cleared of its vegetation a section 80' by 105' was measured off into five foot squares. Each square was examined by two men working side by side, using a trowel to cut horizontally and vertically, removing first the top soil and then dissecting an inch or two at a time the accumulation of midden, the refuse left by occupants sometimes called “Indian dirt.” At Midden A, which was the upper and later level, little Indian material was unearthed until the archeologists reached the base of this layer, which gradually merged in-

to the Midden B level, the earlier and principal occupation that covered most of this site.

At the Midden A upper level five pits were found, varying in size, ranging from about nine feet wide and four feet deep to four feet by two and one-half feet, evidently used by Orient people who visited the upper level, as the lower level Midden B inhabitants were not pit diggers, apparently cooking on small hearths or fireplaces. The pits were dug deeply into the subsoil and had been used by Orient people on at least three major occasions for cooking shellfish (whelk, scallops, hard and soft shell clams and oysters). All of the pits contained whole or crushed shells, one had portions of deer bones but only one showed remains of vegetable food, a carbonized fragment of a hickory nut.

Each pit had a broken-stone hearth at the bottom which provided heat for cooking the shellfish that was probably protected by a wet mat or mass of vegetation. After each period of use, which may have been one season or less or may have been used by a group for special occasions for a number of years, the pits were used as receptacles for the remains of each feast and then covered by sand or soil.

Near one of the hearths was found the skeleton of a very young infant. As there was no grave pit, nor offerings, it has been suggested that "the infant may have been interred by some grieving mother mindful of the comfortable warmth of the nearby hearth." As far as is known, the nearest Indian cemetery to Stony Brook is Jamesport. A test pitting of a high ridge behind Stony Brook and a knoll on Crane's Neck Point revealed no evidence of a related cemetery at either place.

Comparatively few artifacts were uncovered at Stony Brook but they were all valuable clues that pinpointed

their cultural and temporal relationship with other Long Island and Northeast areas. The various types of projectile points were mostly "fish-tail," stemmed, side-notched, small, narrow and broad—each falling into its particular "era." The knives, drills, hammerstones, anvil stones and stone pots were all manufactured on the site from local quartz or flint. Potsherds (pottery fragments) some shell marked and others corded by the use of a cord-wrapped paddle, indicated a later cultural trait that was also found at the Jamesport and the Sugar Loaf Hill burial sites but never before recorded in coastal New York; there was one small shell bead ornament made from a whelk whorl and some paint pots known on Long Island as "Indian paint pots," even today a "find" enjoyed not only youngsters but oldsters too. To the Orient people these waterworn arkose pebbles meant a supply of the much prized red pigment that was secured by scraping or grinding these stones. Pure graphite also provided them with silver gray pigment.

No definite understanding of the housing of the Stony Brook site inhabitants was disclosed but a possible post-hole in the subsoil under Midden A (upper level) leads to the belief that housing may have consisted of temporary shelters of light poles and mats and that they were scattered over the site and became surrounded by the accumulation of midden debris. Evidently only shellfish gathering took place here for no fishing gear was found and about 65 per cent of the upper level debris was shellfish refuse; but bones of Virginia deer, woodchuck, raccoon, gray fox, mink, Indian dog, squirrel, wild turkey, duck and common box turtle prove that these also were on the menu. As for the eating habits of the earlier Midden B inhabitants, who may have been pre-Orient people judging from their Laurentian

type artifacts, their food remains indicate that hunting exceeded shell fish gathering and it is very likely snares were a part of their hunting equipment and that stone projectile points were used with a javelin or spear rather than the bow and arrow.

Unfortunately no charcoal for age analysis was available at the older Midden B level but some artifacts uncovered there were identical with those found elsewhere which were radiocarbon dated around 5000 B.C. However, charcoal samples taken from Midden A have been C-14 tested and now we know that this section of the Stony Brook habitation site was in use approximately around 974 B.C. and 944 B.C.

No doubt there is further underground pre-history material around eastern Long Island which should be uncovered. If more undisturbed Indian sites (such as Stony Brook habitation) were brought to light this added data would probably give the state archeologists an opportunity to study and understand the changes and advancement in Orient cultures as they developed here since Archaic times right up to the "time of troubles." This was when the white man began settling here in the early 1600's. About fifty years later the native Indians owned little or nothing of their one hundred and twenty mile island as they sold (if you can call it that) tract after tract of land to the newcomers and tribal life practically ended

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Fort Slongo

YOU UNDOUBTEDLY have read many of the histories of the American Revolution which covered in detail its background, its causes, and a description of the various battles fought for Independence. But you still would not know about the capture of the Americans of Fort Slongo as it was of minor importance except to the people engaged in it and to the morale of the American troops after their crushing defeat at the Battle of Long Island.

After the Battle of Long Island various forts were established on Long Island, among them being Fort Golgotha in Huntington, Fort Franklin on Loyds Neck (named after Benjamin Franklin's son, Sir William Franklin, loyalist) and Fort Slongo which was named after a British officer.

Crowning a hill that slopes back 100 or more rods from Long Island Sound and lying within the borders of Smithtown, approximately 9 miles east of Huntington is what is left of the old British Fort Slongo.

It was located on the farm owned by William Arthur, then Dr. T. M. Chessman of New York, then George W. Longbothum and now owned by Edward Holt.

Fort Slongo was a small fortress on what was then called Treadwell's Neck in Smithtown. It consisted of an embankment forming a hollow square of about 50 feet, built at the head of a small ravine that sloped abruptly westward into the valley. The walls were formed by banking earth around trees growing in their natural position and around posts set in the ground.

The site is a commanding one although not the highest point of land in the vicinity. From it can be seen hundreds of square miles of Long Island Sound with the shores

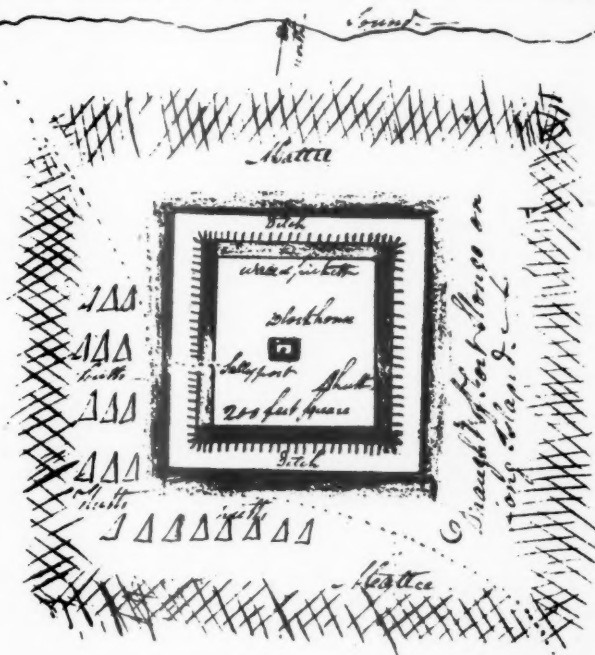
C. Russell Irwin

of New England in the distance and to the east the cliffs of Cranes Neck. To the westward across the valley lies Fresh Pond (Lake Unshemamuck) which marks the boundary between the Town of Huntington and the Town of Smithtown.

From this vantage point the British and their Tory allies could scan a wide sector of the open Sound. It usually contained a garrison of 80 men and was an adjunct to the larger Fort Franklin at Loyds Neck. These two forts were a constant menace to the Americans who fled to Connecticut after the

Battle of Long Island and constantly raided the Long Island shore. They were also a rendezvous for Tories who chopped the wood and carried off the property of the farmers.

The Fort also had a small detachment of mounted men kept ready to dash out to intercept raiders which came from the American forces in Connecticut. Long Islanders who had fled to Connecticut organized and carried out night raids, silently crossing the Sound in whale-boats, putting the torch to barns and haystacks and returning the same night. Colonel Tallmadge in his memoirs, page 45, gives the following ac-



"This Fort has a ditch & wall about 7 feet high on the top of the wall is a perpendicular Picket & at the foot of the wall a horizontal Picket it has occasionally from 50 to 90 men in it."

(1781, Sept. 25)

A sketch of Fort Slongo used by Major Trescott. Reproduced by courtesy of the Library of Congress.

count of this exploit.

"Having been honored by the Commander-in-chief with a separate command I moved wherever duty seemed to call. My former plan of annoying the enemy on the Sound and on Long Island came fresh to my recollection. The fortress at Treadwell's Neck, called Fort Slongo, seemed to demand attention as the next in course to Fort St. George which we had already taken.

"On the 1st of October I moved by detachment of light infantry in the neighborhood of Norwalk. At the same time, I directed a suitable number of boats to assemble at the mouth of the Saugatuck River, east of the Town of Norwalk, and on the evening of the 2nd of October 1781 at 9 o'clock I embarked a part of my detachment and placed Major Trescott at the head of it, with orders to assail the Fort at a particular point.

"The troops landed on Long Island by 4 o'clock and at the dawn of day the attack was made and the fortress subdued."

Before the assaulting party started, a smaller detachment, under the command of Sgt. Churchill, had crossed the Sound with muffled oars from the mouth of the Saugatuck River and landed at Crab Meadow, some distance west of the Fort, near the farm of Nathaniel Skidmore who guided them to it and showed them its location and environs. They returned for reinforcements and made the attack the following night at 3 a.m.

A plan of the Fort had been furnished by Lt. Henry Scudder of Huntington who at that time was a refugee in Connecticut. Lt. Henry Scudder was a very active man in the American underground and some say he was the leader and prime mover in raids against the British.

The sentry of the Fort, when alarmed, discharged his gun and retreated into the Fort but forgot to close the gate behind him. The fort was soon captured and after the capture all combustible

materials were burned and 2 iron four-pounders spiked, after which the party embarked for Connecticut.

The following is Major Lemuel Trescott's report of prisoners and ordinance captured:

2 Captains, 1 Lieutenant and 18 rank and file

2 One-pounders of iron, 1 brass one-pounder and a quantity of small ammunition

2 British killed and 2 left mortally wounded.

Major Tallmadge also reported that the night the Fort was captured the officers were enjoying themselves at a dance and carousal in the Mulford House, an inn near the Fort.

The following report which is quoted, is a letter from Major Tallmadge to Major General Heath giving the details of the capture of Fort Slongo.

Compo Point Oct. 3rd 1781
Dear General:

I am happy in having the occasion to congratulate you on the success of an enterprise against Fort Slongo on Long Island. After making many attempts to embark and being prevented by bad weather, last evening at eight o'clock I ordered 50 men from Capt. Richards Company of the Connecticut line and 50 more from Capt. Richards Dismounted Dragoons to embark at this point.

This would account for about 100 men, not including boatmen (A writer from New Haven, Connecticut a week later quoted by Onderdonk placed the number of Con-

tinental Troops at 150, but Major Tallmadge would seem to be the best authority upon

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Long Island

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An Old Time Fourth Of July

A True Tale by
Kate W. Strong

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was talking with Mr. Hulse, then one of the oldest inhabitants of East Setauket, he told me that, when he was a boy, there was a gun-house on the Green. This housed a cannon used in the French and Indian War at the mighty battle fought on the Plains of Abraham. This had been given to the people of Setauket for the part they had played in the battle.

I was told that it was borrowed by a village on the South side and never heard of again. The suggestion has been made that perhaps it was taken out on a vessel to be used as a starting gun in boat races, and not properly chocked, went over board. (N. B. skin divers, take notice. If you find a cannon at the bottom of Great South Bay, it did not fall from some pirate ship, but belongs to US, the People of Setauket, though I doubt we will try to raise it.)

Through, a paper of the Washington Benevolent Society, loaned me some years ago, I can give a full account of the day in the year 1809, but I will go back to a little later and quote a verse written by Captain Lewis Davis: "Whose each discharge the ground made shake
And echoes boom o'er vale and hill,
The water dance in Satterly's lake,
The glass to crack in church and mill."

Now to return to the special day that I was telling about. The day started with the ringing of Caroline Church bell at sunrise. How excited the small boys must have been when the militia came on the Green led by Captain John Van Brunt! John Woodhull, of the famous Revolutionary family, gave the oration. And John



R. Satterly read the Declaration of Independence. As they heard the Declaration read, how their thoughts must have turned to the tale their pastor, Zachariah Green, had often told them.

How his brigade, with flying colors, had marched from north of Canal Street to the Battery and there formed in a hollow square with General Washington in the center. Here, with the reader facing the General, the Declaration was first read in public. When the closing paragraph was read, there was a shout from all the people: "United we stand; divided we fall. We must, we shall be free." And Parson Green, in describing this event, would always add: "Take care of the Union! Do no harm to the Union!"

The committee of three to plan the toasts to be drunk that day consisted of Captain James Smith, William Jayne, and my great-grandfather, Thomas Strong. I have no account of those toasts, but I think an old paper of toasts for a fourth of July celebration in another place which I found among my great-grandfather's papers, would give some idea of what the toasts at that time were like. They certainly were frank in giving their opinions.

"The day we celebrate—it delivered us from British taxation, may it never be forgotten."

"General Washington—His virtues the salvation—his triumphs the boast—his principles the guide—his name the watch-word of the country."

"The President of the United States—fallible from necessity — virtuous from choice."

"Governor of the State—His friends and foes both know many better and many worse men."

"The departed heroes of America—although no statues of trap or marble remind us of their forms—freedom at home and respect abroad remind us of their deeds."

"Our rulers of every grade—especially those who serve their country for their country's good."

"The Army—a kind hearted friend but a relentless foe."

"The Navy — America's pride and glory—the youngest but most favored child of Neptune—the blaze of its stars shine conspicuous while the cross of Albion and the crescent of Algiers sunk beneath the waves."

"The union of the states—may it never be severed—while the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls a wave."

"The American Fair—may their smiles light us to virtue in time of peace, and acts of bravery in war."

"Independent Agricultural Society—May the plowshare of public inquiry and the harrow of independent censure keep grub worms of faction from the roots of our Liberty Tree."

I find I failed to mention that the toasts were drunk at a nearby tavern under the auspices of the Washington Benevolent Society—not on the Green.

So passed the day and many a youngster went to bed that night with his thoughts full of cannon and the glory of artillery and militia, but perhaps bits of the stately Declaration of Independence stayed in his mind, and he resolved to be a good citizen of this Republic when he grew to manhood.

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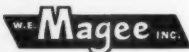
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Continued from page 152)

his own actions.) The smallness of the garrison at Fort Slongo and the difficulty of procuring boats making it unnecessary to employ but a part of my detachment, at the request of Major Trescott he was honored with the command.

Having obtained several very accurate drafts of this post and even the places where the sentinels stood, I made every disposition for the attack previous to the embarkment of the troops (Onderdonk informs us that Lt. Henry Scudder, a Long Island patriot and refugee had been furnished by a neighbor with a draft of the Fort and was passing with it between Fresh Pond and Smithtown to a boat he hid in the swamp when he heard behind him the tramp of horses and just time to conceal himself behind a fallen tree before 50 or 60 Light Horse passed within 10 rods of him.)

I have enclosed a copy of my orders to Major Trescott which he most faithfully executed and his return of his prisoners, etc. It becomes necessary to observe that for the execution of this service Capt. Edgar's Dismounted Dragoons were ordered to surprise the garrison and the works while Capt. Richards with his company were to surround the Fort and prevent the garrison from escaping.

Lt. Rogers of the 2nd Regiment of Light Dragoons with ten chosen men were appointed to lead the attack against the Fort followed by Major Trescott and Capt. Edgar with the remainder of the

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Dismounted Dragoons: the rear of which was brought up by Cornet Pike, Capt. Richards, Lt. Holt and Ensign Pinto were disposed of as above to surround the garrison.

The attack commenced at 3 o'clock this morning and was conducted with great good order but notwithstanding the greatest exertions of Capt. Richards and his officers, some of the garrison jumped over the works and escaped (If the garrison remained at this time at 140 according to the former estimate of Major Tallmadge or even half that number and if, as the returns show that 21 were captured, to say that some were allowed to escape is a mild statement of the case.)

Major Trescott speaks highly of all the officers and soldiers under his command as well as the boatmen employed in his service. It was fortunate that Major Valans-tine who commanded the garrison was absent in New York. It gives me a peculiar satisfaction that I have occasion to report not a man killed of our Detachment and but one wounded (Sgt. Churchill).

After the troops have refreshed themselves I shall forward the prisoners together with their standard of the garrison to Headquarters. The plunder that was brought off from the garrison I presume may be divided among the troops and boatmen who were on the expedition. The piece of brass artillery I shall annex to my Command for the present.

Some of the baggage being left at Fairfield and other reasons of a private nature, which I shall soon communicate have induced me to march the Detachment to Fairfield from whence I shall write you again tomorrow.

I am my dear General with

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Regiment L.D.

All of the officers were not present in the Fort that Sunday morning before dawn but were "carousing" (as the report states) at the nearby inn, the Mulford House. That inn was located on the main highway (now Route 25A) on the exact site of the present building occupied by the Country Life Real Estate. The British commander of the Fort, Major Valansthine, was not present as he was in New York.

On October 6th General Heath wrote from Continental Village (near Peekskill) to Governor Clinton informing him that a detachment from his army had captured Fort Slongo, and on October 8th Governor Clinton wrote General Heath complimenting him on the result of the expedition.

This whole area was originally called Middleville. The name Fort Slongo was changed to Fort Salonga when a Post Office was established at the old Country Store where the present Country Store is now located on Route 25A. Later the Post Office was abandoned and all mail for Fort Salonga was sent to the Northport Post Office from which it was delivered on a rural route as it is to this day.

It is a singular coincidence that one of the officers that attacked the Fort had the same name as the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holt.

Sgt. Elijah Churchill was in charge of the whale-boats that crossed the Sound to attack the Fort and led his detachment in the attack. He was the one man wounded, and for his outstanding valor in this attack he was awarded the Purple Heart, equivalent to the Congressional Medal of Honor. It appears that he was the first man to receive this decoration.

At that time it was not a medal, as it is today but was

actually a piece of purple felt cut in the shape of a heart and sewed on the left breast of the uniform. A coat with the Purple Heart is now in the collection of Revolutionary Uniforms at the Sons of the Revolution Headquarters, Fraunces Tavern in New York City.

The inhabitants of Long Island are entitled to as high a character for patriotism and love of freedom as any part of the State or Country. Although in consequence of the Island being taken possession of by the British Army at an early period of the Revolution and held under absolute subjection to its close, they had not the opportunity of engaging actively in the contest, yet the sacrifices which they made, the suffering they endured and the assistance they rendered to the cause of freedom whenever the opportunity presented itself, entitles them to a place among the most patriotic citizens.

Why not give twelve presents a year and all for \$3.00. Send a subscription to the Long Island Forum, (\$3 a year—two years \$5.

Just a few jottings in an effort to convey to the author Paul Bailey, the author of Rogers, Stone and Bailey in the May issue how very much this great little treatise has been enjoyed by all the family.

The author's early Amityville autobiography was certainly not "drab," but quite colorful to say the least.

JESSICA GRIFFTHS
West Islip

Good Article

The April article on Walt Whitman and "The Long Islander" was good.

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Benjamin Havens Of Moriches

Chester G. Osborne

WHEN THE Revolutionary War was at its height, and when Long Island was occupied by the British, a group of rebels gathered at the house of a certain Benjamin Havens of Center Moriches. The reason for the gathering will never be clear, after all these years. Some plotting and planning was likely, if one considers the political background of the guests. Some conviviality is more than likely when one recalls the date. Independence Day was near, and it was the custom to toast that day with a drink for each one of the thirteen colonies, and with one more for General Washington (strong praise), Congress (milder praise) and various state and federal departments.

The guests had their nerve with them for there was a British fort seven miles away, and there were patrols on the roads all the time. But nerve was something common to all present. William Phillips had gone with his friend John Smith to the Floyd and Smith estates at Mastic and dug up money and family valuables and carried them away to Connecticut; both were wanted by the British for that trick. Benajah Strong was wanted for what the Tories called "murder." Caleb Brewster was wanted as a spy in the Tallmadge chain which reached into the heart of British New York City.

A Tory newspaper reported with some ire on July 3 "The most notorious Rebels boast they can have goods from N. Y. as usual. Several of our inhabitants entertain and join with the plundering parties. Last week a party of Rebels had a feast at the house of Benj. Havens at Moriches (a most pernicious caitiff) and several of the inhabitants attended at this



frolic. Wm. Phillips, Benajah Strong (who was privy to the murder of Maurice Seaman at Islip) and Caleb Brewster gave this entertainment."

The news item failed to observe that nearly all the guests had good war records with the Rebel army. All except Havens attained the rank of Captain; Havens had been in the Committee of Safety in April, 1776. His other service is not clear as yet, but there is ample record that he was a continual thorn in the side of the occupation forces, and for some reason was able to maintain his independence in the Moriches area as if he had been a standing army all by himself.

At the beginning of the war, Benjamin Havens was one of several "empowered to purchase all fat cattle and sheep in Queens and Suffolk Cty's on account of the Commissary General, and drive them to Gen. Woodhull's encampment."

He may have escaped extensive military service because of age; his name is on tax lists as early as 1749, so he may have been in his fifties during the war. How he kept out of British hands is told in amusing fashion in the testimony of the famous law case of Jackson vs. Woodhull, around 1836. At that time, Nicoll Floyd said "he knew Benjamin Havens, a fishcarter, during the Revolutionary War; witness' father once having asked him how he escaped the British, he said, he had a blind road, or new road, through the plains, called a fish-road; understood it to be a road traveled mostly by fishermen; used

on account of the British plundering every one on the country (main) road."

On June 7, 1781, however, someone caught up with Ben and his son Selah Havens. According to the Clinton Papers, they "wrote from Moriches to Gov. Clinton that they had been robbed by Capt. Stow of New London, to the amount of £ 1200; and that they had a list of the goods. They prayed the Governor to have the goods restored to them."

Saw mills as sources of lumber and fuel were as important as factories would be in later wars; in 1779, the rebel spy "Samuel Culper" observed in a letter that there were a good many mills in Suffolk; "Tillotson hath a Saw mill at the County House, Havens one at Moriches, Seth Worth one at Fire Place, Humphrey Avery one at West Neck, Nichols and one Willets each one at Islip, Edmond Smith at Stony Brook, Samuel Phillips, Caleb Smith, Botts at Smith Town. All alike in serving the King . . . except Havens and Nichols."

The famous British spy, Major John André, found it expedient to name the location of Benjamin Havens' property on a map of the area drawn in wartime. A break in the barrier beach then existed; it was usually called "Smith's Inlet" and Andre sketched it in at the narrowest place near Mastic Beach. Going west from there along the mainland were the Havens, Phillips, and Halsey properties; "Quog Bay" is noted too far east. "In all these Bays," Andre observed "Great Numbers of the Inhabitants are daily fishing, Claming, Oystering, Guning, etc."

According to information furnished to us by the late Brookhaven Town Historian, Mr. Osborn Shaw, Havens married Abigail Strong,

daughter of Thomas and Susannah (Thompson) Strong. He was named in the will of his father, John Havens, and was bequeathed the eastern part of Yaphank Neck, now South Haven, including the mills and other buildings. In January, 1750-1 he sold these holdings to Mordecai Homan. He signed the "Association" as a patriot in May, 1774. In 1776, he took the census for the Manor of St. George and the Patentship of Moriches, and listed himself as the head of a family with one male over 50 (himself) and having two males over 16, two under 16, two females over 16 (perhaps his wife and daughter or mother) and one female under 16.

In 1757, he bought of his brother, William, Arescunk Neck and one-half of Orchard Neck in Center Moriches. He probably kept a tavern near the site of Moriches Inn.

If the information on his marriage is correct as it appears in the genealogy of the Strong family, he moved to Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., where he died. But on Sept. 25, 1790, he was living in Orange County, where he signed a promissory note. His son Selah and daughter Charity are buried in the old cemetery on Beachfern Ave., Center Moriches. After his death, his widow married Rev. David "Priest" Rose of the South Haven Presbyterian Church.

Benjamin had many occupations; in 1772, on May 28, "Samuel Nicolls, Benj. Havens and Nathan Fordham proposes to erect a stage wagon to drive from Sag Harbor to Brooklyn once every week in the summer and once a fortnight in winter. The stage will set out from Brooklun (sic) Ferry at 10 a.m. Monday and that night will put up at Samuel Nicolls on Hempstead Plains, where a wagon will be ready for their reception on Tuesday morning to carry them to Epeneties Smith at Smithtown and there exchange passengers and proceed to Benj.

Havens at St. George Manor, and on Wed. morning set out for Nathaniel Fordham at Sag Harbor. Where a passenger boat will be ready to carry all passengers to New London, Connecticut. Goods per hundred one penny a mile and baggage as usual. Thus a passenger may in three days be carried a hundred miles on a pleasant road for eighteen shillings in a convenient wagon, shall come once in a fortnight by Islip."

There are other references to Benjamin Havens in account books at the Museum of the Manor of St. George, in the papers of old local families, in Onderdonk's books, and in official records. For a time, at least, he served as one of Willet's "levies," a soldier in the Revolution. Perhaps, in addition to being a censustaker, a fishcarter, an innkeeper, a stage-coach manager, and the operator of a Saw Mill, he was also a spy. Time might tell.

There is supposed to be a poem or ballad about him, but so far no one has volunteered to quote it to us. It might make a good column.

Readers' Forum

Truth Will Out!

In his "Long Island Cedars" article in the April issue Julian Denton Smith mentions places where a few white cedars may still be found alive on our Island.

I can tell where one may be found that is in the midst of teeming traffic today.

It is located in the Village of Hempstead, in a small park just west of the West End Tavern and as a flagpole flies our country's flag daily at the Junction of Front and Fulton at number 1 Front Street.

When I was a small boy, just before the turn of the century, my father became patriotic over the Spanish-American War and decided to fly a flag on the lawn of his Hempstead home on Front Street just east of the village line.

He had some of the farm hands

go with John S. Dugan, a skilled woodworker, not a carpenter, to the Cedar Swamp mentioned by Mr. Smith and fell a stately cedar.

When the branches had been roughly lopped off it was carted to our home.

There Dugan took over, propped it lengthwise about knee high and went to work with an adz, standing on the trunk and cutting just under his toes. I can still thrill at the memory of my expectation of seeing that flashing blade remove a foot or at least a part of one, but it always stopped an inch short of cutting.

My days were filled with watching that sweet, white wood being squared and tapered and adzed to an eight sided stick, then smoothed with a drawing knife and finally sandpapered to satiny smoothness and painted a gleaming white.

At its top was mounted a bracket showing the compass points and an arrow with a fluted tail to resemble a feather was covered with pure gold leaf.

Finally it was mounted erectly in the ground and many times I have been hauled up and lowered down in a bosun's chair to oil the vane and paint the pole until I got too heavy when the pole was cut and hinged at the foot.

My father gave me a .22 cal. rifle and one day when no one was around I put a bullet through that beautiful arrow's tail feather. I lived in apprehension for years that I would be called to account, but I never was. If you look carefully you can still see the hole.

In 1929 my folks died and the homestead became empty.

Eugene Geer, then a village Trustee asked that my brother and I give the pole to the Village of Hempstead which we did.

Mr. Geer wanted to give it glamor, I guess, and had a plaque put on it describing it as a mast of a former American Cup defender and asked me not to say otherwise.

'Til now I never have.

So one of our cedars has, for over sixty years, proudly flown our flag. And from its solid condition will continue to do so for many more years to come.

FRED INGRAHAM
Amityville

The Rides Of Austin Roe

Editor's Note: At the suggestion of members of the Suffolk County Reading Council we reprint, with author Paul Bailey's permission, his famed rhyme of Austin Roe. When author Bailey recited his poem before the Council this spring he said that he couldn't understand why his poem about rider Roe hadn't caught on as well as Longfellow's eulogy of Paul Revere. We can't either—rank favoritism we call it!

Listen my friends and you shall know

Of the midnight rides of Austin Roe

From the grassy slopes of New York Bay

To Setauket, far out Suffolk way.

Roe rode with the enemy ever near,

Not among neighbors like Paul Revere.

The English held Long Island then



Setauket Tavern of Spy Austin Roe.

And the woods was full of Englishmen.

It weren't like the Harvard countryside

Where Paul Revere put on his ride

And Roe rode every week or so

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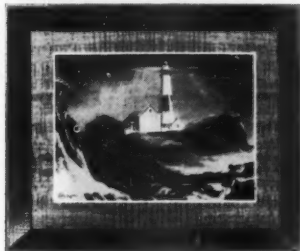
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Writing About Writing

THE EAST HAMPTON Star on May 26 published a special "Montauk Edition" and it makes highly interesting reading. The accent, as it should be, is on fishing and one of the greatest fishermen of all, Kip Farrington, contributes an article.

We've always thought that early cattle ranching on Mon-



The Fire Island Light from a watercolor by Cyril A. Lewis.

tauk, and Teddy Roosevelt's residence there with the veterans of the Rough Riders most interesting bits of Montauk's history and there are articles devoted to these topics. There's another giving the history of the famous light. We note that Mrs. Rat-tray, author of the only history of Montauk, written some 22 years ago, hopes to bring out a new edition. We hope so.

A FINE FEATURE of the Huntington 'Long Islander' is the annual Walt Whitman

page published in honor of the founder of the paper. One was published two weeks ago. Another newspaper effort we have long admired are the weekly sketches of L. I. houses and places of interest by J. Ernest Brierly, appearing in the Long Island Sunday Press. An exhibit of some sixty of these sketches and text may be obtained from Mr. Semon Springer of East Meadow. An ideal attraction for a historical society or any club meeting.

TWO NEW NOVELS, "Dune House" by Geraldine Trotta published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, and May Natalie Tabak's "But Not For Love," both about a strange brand of "summer people" have opened up a new ugly world for us. Fashion models, photographers, second-rate novelists and painters parade self consciously through pages of Martini mixing and just to vary it a bit—occasional gin-and-tonics.

Miss Trotta, associate editor of Harper's Bazaar, writes of six people, some married, some not, who rent a place at Bridgehampton for the summer and who according to the jacket blurb "are determined to live in style and taste."

Here's a description of the first Saturday evening at the house: "Nina made the next batch of Martinis, Gus the third, and they shamed Fred into stirring up the fourth."

"Meanwhile Liz had changed into black torero pants and a ruffy white bullfighter shirt. In this outfit, she began dinner, Nina helped. The roast was the size of a cow. Fred had bought an excellent 'Nuits - Saint - Georges' that he'd found lurking in the corner of a liquor store in Bridgehampton. They didn't have enough stemmed glasses so they used empty cheese and jelly glasses."

That's style and taste for you.

There's a strange absence of real love, of children and of interest in the summer beauty of Long Island, the

sea and the sand and the stars. We are sure that Miss Trotta has written a book that truly pictures the people she knows. May we earnestly suggest that she find some new friends. Her last two chapters, describing a hurricane and the simple funeral of the nicest person of the group, are fine—if she'd only begun on page 231. MAY NATALIE Tabak writes about the same sort of people but her book probes more deeply into her characters. This has an unfortunate effect since there is little in to which to probe. Her people can't stand being left alone—they wander about in their cars hoping to find a party. They illustrate a sort of group neuroticism and if the future of art and literature is in their hands perhaps it would be well for Mr. Khrushchev to drop a bomb or two immediately.

"But Not For Love" is published by Horizon Press.

(Continued from page 159)

While Paul's was just a one-night show.

Not once but many times indeed Did our own hero on his steed Dash thru the night to do or die, For Roe, remember, was a spy And well he knowed it weren't no prison

If caught, but a firing squad for his'n.

I'd not detract from any glory Revere got from Longfellow's story.

I'd give him credit, and, of course I'd give some credit to his horse, But Roe was good and he didn't lag

For he likewise had a derved fine nag.

So why should bards have toasted Paul

And mentioned Austin not at all?

Why shouldn't Roe receive his due

By being put in school books too,

And why can't we as loudly crow

Of the midnight rides of Austin Roe?

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Readers' Forum

A Scholar Speaks

Upon your recommendation, Mr. Editor, may you be forgiven, I have "delved" into Tooker's Indian Place Names on Long Island. Therein I learned, for example, that "Massapequa" is the Indian term for "great water land" or "land on the cove." I also found that the name Yaphank, which has always intrigued me, means "the bank of a river." And so forth, ad nauseum.

May I congratulate the savants of the past and you too, Mr. Editor, upon your spurious learning and may I further point out that while you have been lost in clouds of misty speculation the most obvious facts have escaped you.

For example let us take the name "Massapequa" again and speak it aloud wherein the simple meaning clearly emerges; "Be careful, the Master is looking at you." Equally clear becomes the uncomplicated "Yaphank" meaning "Keep talking Henry" somewhat similar to the South Shore's, "Babylon." "Jamaica" as has been known from time immemorial, means "Did you compel her?" while the meaning of "Islip" is so apparent that we instantly suggest rubber shoes to correct the situation.

I hope you are somewhat chastened by the above and that in the future you may cite me as an authority and say to your readers; "Ask Charles Wilson for the answer. That Manhasset!"

CHARLES WILSON
Brooklyn

OLD TIME GROCERY STORE

As a boy back around 1910 I would journey from Rockaway Beach up to East Rockaway on some weekends, to my uncle's grocery store located on Plainfield Avenue. My uncle's name was Pine L. Pearsall.

It was a great thrill to go on the horse-drawn wagon to deliver groceries to customers, after my uncle had taken their orders in the morning, riding a bicycle. Many of his customers had an order book; the order was marked in the book, picked up, and delivered back to them with the

prices marked after the items. Some had chickens and would swap eggs for groceries. The eggs were sold at the store.

I can remember my uncle sending me to the Lynbrook National Bank to deposit his money. The bank was located then in a store on the east side of Atlantic Avenue, halfway between the Merrick Road and the railroad.

When he sent me for the mail, the Post Office was in Oliver Hewlett's store at the south end of Ocean Avenue opposite the bulkhead where many boats tied up.

Agents from wholesale houses would come around periodically for orders. The groceries were shipped by freight to the Lynbrook freight yard of the Long Island Rail Road. This was east of the Lynbrook station. I often went along to haul the boxes by horse and wagon from the freight cars to the store, sometimes mak-

ing several trips. Once in a great while I was asked to lead the horse over to the blacksmith shop to be shod. That was on Long Beach Road, south of Davison Avenue, and was owned by William Rhodes. I would generally manage to get some horseshoe nails to put into bottle corks with chicken feathers stuck in the other end of the cork; these were used for throwing darts.

(Continued on page 164)

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L. I. FORUM INDEX

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John Lyon Gardiner - Part II

Amy O. Bassford

There was one especially interesting livestock transaction recorded in 1797. On June 17th Gardiner writes in his journal "on the 12th, I bought a colt of H. Conklin warranted by him to be the Messenger's colt, to run with the mare 6 months from the 12th inst. He agreed to bring the colt on at his expense and risque on my agreeing to give him keeping of the mare here 6 months." Later in the summer, on August 24th, Mr. Gardiner is writing to ask for a certificate that the father of the colt was certainly Messenger, and could have been no other horse "on account of the colt's proving a good and elegant one; but I do not wish to advertise him as a Messenger colt if he is not."

Ownership of a Messenger colt must have put a farmer of 1797 right into the Cadillac class!

So these were the exports of the little world of Gardiner's Island—grain, dairy produce, livestock, beef, pork and lamb, hides, wool and tallow—what had to be bought.

In the way of food, only the staples which could not be raised—sugar, salt and molasses, tea and coffee—and considerable rum and gin, much of which seems to have been resold in small quantities to the servants on the place—there are frequent debits to Dencie, Amos or Rufus "1 pt. of rum." For the rest, we only know what Mr. Gardiner ordered by correspondence—such purchases as he made personally must have been recorded elsewhere. But in April he asks H. P. Dering to procure for him in New York "One hatt agreeable to measure, one mahogany bedstead and curtains for same made, and 9 yards calico and 9 ditto for lining for bedspread to be quilted—to be plain, neat and fashionable, but not too expensive." And



Manors House at Gardiner's Island.

on August 27 he notes that he "Spoke to Mr. Chapman to find me two pencill'd pitchers & gave him my coat of arms & the name of John Lyon Gardiner, Esq., Isle of Wight to be sent to Liverpool by him to be put on two pitchers." I would like very much to know whether the two pencill'd pitchers have survived the destruction of two manor houses on the Island by fire—and what is a pencill'd pitcher?

Life must have been lonely on Gardiner's Island for a young man, in spite of his reputation for hospitality, and the coming and going of visitors and frequent calls of vessels en route to or from "the Harbour." John Lyon Gardiner was educated, with time to read, so it is pleasant to note that the ordered books to be sent him—he writes brother David in March to have sent him Vols. 17 and 18 of the Encyclopaedia (and a good ream of paper to go with them) and in August he writes a Mr. Holt "Have received Nos. 8 and 9 of the Bee. Wish you to find the preceding nos. Lee advertised for publishing History of the Six Nations—wish you to put my name on the list. I see in Catalogue of books for sale American Annual, Register

of 96, Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, Wollstonecraft's Rights of Women. Wish you to forward these books and your usual price, and I shall send you by the same or a good chance, the pay." Some time earlier he had written to brother David in Flushing "I wish you to procure for me (if worth procuring) Belknap's history of New Hampshire, Ossian's poems & Thomas Paine's whole works or at least what he wrote in Europe. I lose so many of my cattle and horses by distemper and diseases I should be glad if you would buy me a book or two upon the diseases they are subject to—I may possibly learn something of advantage therefrom." And it did my librarian's heart good to learn that he received at least part of the books he ordered—the very last entry for 1797 reads—"Credit Mr. Holt 8 nos. Military Repository and Rights of Women rec'd some time rec'd some time ago."

Who did the work on the Island—tilled the fields, gathered the crops, tended the livestock? We do not get a complete answer to this question—but we can make some pretty good guesses. Like many Long Island families of the day, the Gardiners had slaves

in the early days, and they appear to have still owned them at the time of this journal, since on May 19: "I wrote Mr. Mulford have not yet made up my mind about buying Negro girl. Will determine after shearing. Price more than I expected but may be worth it." In fact, Mr. Gardiner's will stated "I give and bequeath to my said wife all my colored servants." But there were white workers too—undoubtedly the overseer and his family, and there are many entries that record the hiring of men with names familiar in East Hampton history to work for a year or six months at a stated wage. And extra hands were brought on to the Island for harvesting the hay, for reaping the grain, and for shearing the sheep. The men who sheared the sheep got 2 shillings per pound and Dan and Rufus were each credited with 9 pounds of wool which their mistresses were to have. There were indentured servants, too, evidently, for in April Mr. Gardiner notes "Wrote N. Pierson wish to buy boy. Want to know how long he is to serve what he is to receive when time is out. Expect he is good and honest as common." Apparently integration was not a problem on the Island!

It is a temptation to go on far too long on the subject of Gardiner's Island and its seventh proprietor—but I will only touch on one or two more entries—rather tragic ones, which point up the loneliness and isolation of the life there. On Nov. 22 "Ben and John Cuff were sent eeling to Bostix" (Bostwick's) "and found a dead body just on the meadow by the woods, near a rock to the S.E. side of the pond near the brook." Then follows a gruesome description of the body, which I will spare you, and the entry closes: "Supposed to be a son of Captain Briggs of Rhode Island drowned at Northwest about a month ago. Boy a dozen years old—buried the body within 12 feet of where he was." And in May: "Wrote

Esq. Cooper am told you have but just now laid the keel for my boat. I am extremely disappointed that she is not finished especially since I gave you the urgent reasons there were for having her sometime ago. Wish to know whether you mean to build her and when. Have nothing but skiff and a week ago a woman put to bed, and yesterday a fine active boy of six years old died in one of the families—had no boat for a doctor."

The Island is now connected with the mainland by telephone, if a doctor is needed, and a boat comes over once a week. The wife of the superintendent there makes her weekly visit to the Library, and we send her home with as many books as she can carry.

I had intended to stop right there, but one more thing I must tell you about—and it will end on a more cheerful

note. We have all read how our ancestors made bayberry candles—they did that on Gardiner's Island, too. On Dec. 2; "Had of Bina 24 lb. bayberry; had of Dence 24 lb of bayberry. Made 166 sticks of candles, 8 inch sticks." If any of you have ever picked bayberries, you know how many it would take to make one pound, let alone twenty-four. My back aches to think of it. But given plenty of time and strength I can think of lots more unpleasant occupations than picking bayberries on the dunes of Gardiner's Island on a beautiful autumn day. Hard work there must have been there and plenty of it—but also peace and security—a good life, on the whole, and we are sure that Mr. Gardiner found it so, and we are grateful to him for the picture he left us of his "life and times."

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(Continued from page 161)

Sometimes boys in those days would make finger-rings out of horseshoe nails. I would wait for the horse to be shod, then lead it back to the stable in the rear of the store.

Dried beans and loose molasses were big items. Uncle always waited to get the new crop of each. The customers waited for the new molasses, which Uncle bought by the barrel; some would buy it by the gallon, others by the quart.

The dried beans, rice, granulated sugar, and coffee came in 100 lb. sacks and was weighed out into paper bags. Sometimes the coffee was ground at the store, but some customers preferred to grind it as wanted in their own grinders. Flour came by the barrel; some buckwheat flour and cake flour, ready-mixed came packaged.

Apples came by the barrel; potatoes by the barrel or bushel bag. Bananas were on the stalk and hung by a hook from the ceiling, the hands or part of hands cut off as customers bought them. Oranges and lemons came in crates and were kept in the crates until sold. Fancy grapes came packed in small barrels with ground cork around the grapes.

The yeast-cake man in his small truck made deliveries twice a week. Eggs were bought by the crate and put into paper bags as sold. Cheese came in a big round cake and was cut off in wedges. Butter and lard were in wooden tubs, placed in the store ice box on a pitch to make for easy cutting. The ice box doors slid up and back out of the way when the grocer was cutting the butter or lard. The portions were put into containers made of a very thin wood stapled at the corners. Smoked ham, boiled ham, and bacon were sold, the boiled ham and bacon sliced as bought. Fat salt pork was fished out of a barrel and cut off.

Sweet crackers were packed in 12-inch square cardboard boxes placed in a special rack, with a framed glass cover over each box. Popular items were pilot bread, Mary Annes, Bolivars, and ginger snaps. Some were packaged in individual boxes.

(Continued on last page)

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the shore could know that three days previously the ship had hove-to miles to the west and that the crew of seventeen men had taken to the boats, loaded with loot, and made for the shore through a heavy surf. The boats capsized. Ten men were murdered as they staggered ashore to be met by the knives of a group of wreckers. Five were drowned and two survived the massacre by being swept up the coast. This, probably the most savage mass-murder ever to take place along the shores of Long Island was described in detail some years ago in the Forum.

The official Wreck Master now took charge of the wreck, and after the allotted period of time the rigging and spars were sold at auction. A few days later the hull was sold to a group who intended to demolish it, and as she lay there crowds went aboard and swarmed through the hulk. One silver dollar was found lodged in the bulwark behind a dead-eye and another picked up on the beach, and while these caused some mild comment it was not enough to cause the new owners of the wreck to start tearing the hull apart, so she lay there awaiting a spell of better weather and the axe and saw of the wrecking crew.

A young whaler, one Henry Green who had recently returned from an extended cruise and who lived in Southampton, had decided to do a bit of shooting along the beach one morning, and accompanied by a shipmate named Jagger he had come abreast of where the wreck lay. They went out to her and poked around the litter both above and below deck. Strangely enough, in view of the number of people who had been there before them, they found a bright silver dollar on the floor of the captain's cabin. The sea was quite heavy and a flood tide in the making, so they decided to return to the shore and await the low tide that night, meanwhile keeping their mouths

shut about the odd appearance of a silver piece on a floor which had been walked over by scores of people.

Late that night, equipped with lanterns, they returned and started a systematic search through lockers and the many cavities in the ships hull. Not a single piece of silver rewarded their efforts, and they were about to abandon the task when Green noticed that the ceiling of the cabin had sagged down considerably, and a metallic glitter was showing where two of the boards had parted. He pried the boards further apart, and out cascaded a torrent of silver dollars that almost knocked him off his feet, tore the lantern out of his hand and left his companion and himself in darkness.

The two young men gathered what they could feel in the gloom, some say six or eight hatfuls, and went ashore. The following morning they were back for more, and again and again as tides permitted. The actual amount has never been established, nor could the owners of the wreck ever make a claim, even after Henry Green and his companion started to spend silver dollars for many a year.

The hulk of the Money Ship was never dismantled by the group who bought it, as a terrific storm later that winter broke her to pieces and strewed the beach with her timbers. Shortly after this the silver dollars started to appear, one man finding sixty within a radius of ten feet and others being found singly or in smaller lots.

Silver dollars do not float, and any coin dropped in water eventually assumes a flat position on a sand bottom. Perhaps some bright sunny morning a young skin-diver, poking around in the shallows of the bar off Shinnecock, will run across some rot-blackened timbers, and find among them a pile of Spanish dollars; the bank from which Father Neptune has been doling out for nearly two hundred years.

(Continued from page 150)

here.

Another Indian habitation site, this time at Wading River, was investigated by the State archeologists in 1955. The excavating took place during the month of August, 1956, but here Dr. Ritchie did not find an undisturbed site such as at Stony Brook for it had already been explored by people not trained for the work, with the additional disturbance caused by well-trained woodchucks that had dug burrows into the ground to make their dens.

This time the area of interest centered around a little valley or hollow, probably created by erosion, that was flanked on either side by high land forming a part of the Harbor Hill moraine, the accumulation left during the glacier period. The fact that the place was sheltered from north and west winds, had a good spring at the southern hill that still is active, together with the finding of considerable deer bones but little or no turtle or bird remains in the surrounding refuse made it look like a winter camping spot for various groups for quite a long time. As numerous artifacts, mostly projectile points, were found at the north and west hills by the earlier investigators, it is very likely this Orient habitation spent the summer in the hills.

The site faces the east and overlooks the south marsh through which Wading River wends its way before joining Long Island Sound. The area investigated (16 five-foot squares) had to be cleared of heavy grass and weeds be-

fore testing the underlying mantle. The method used at Stony Brook for examining and recording was followed at the Wading River site, revealing sandy material and shellfish debris similar to Stony Brook, but here there was no trace of a concentrated midden accumulation because the area had been cultivated, no doubt erasing the refuse build-up of many years. The inhabitants must have relied principally on hunting as deer bone fragments far exceeded the amount found at Stony Brook.

Few artifacts were uncovered, mostly various types of

projectile points, but it is interesting to note that some gave evidence of being a type (nonfishtail and prefishtail) belonging to the Middle Archaic period on Long Island and to an even earlier culture found over a considerable portion of the New York State area. There were plenty of quartz pebbles in all stages of manufacture, plus the accompanying flakes and chips proving the industry of making their artifacts was done on the site. The four quartz pebble banner-stones uncovered were probably used for chipping quartz but only one scarred anvil was recovered.

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As there was almost an absence of stone anvils at Wading River and also Stony Brook it is very likely they both may have used wooden anvils.

Five pits were also found here but unlike the ones found at Stony Brook, for they were small and shallow, varying in diameter from 9 inches to 38 inches. They were all old features containing deer bone fragments, clam, oyster and scallop shells, quartz rejects and narrow blade points, but Pit No. 1 contained several dentate stamped potsherds or fragments, no doubt left by the most recent occupants because pottery belongs to a much later period.

Many fire-broken stones were found indicating early method of cooking before pottery was used and also a few clusters of burned stones hanging over a clam shell heap, an early roasting method for shellfish and other foods. Sufficient charcoal could not be accumulated from these stones to permit C-14 (radiocarbon analysis) to determine the age of the site, but typology, the study of objects fashioned by man before written documents existed, enables the archeologist to systematically examine industries belonging to various cultures. This is accomplished by noting their peculiarities, preservations and association with other objects and sorting them into categories or type standards for comparison with new finds and in that way they can approximate the age and particular culture to which it belongs. It was this method that classified some of the projectile points uncovered at Wading River as belonging to a very early culture. (To be continued.)

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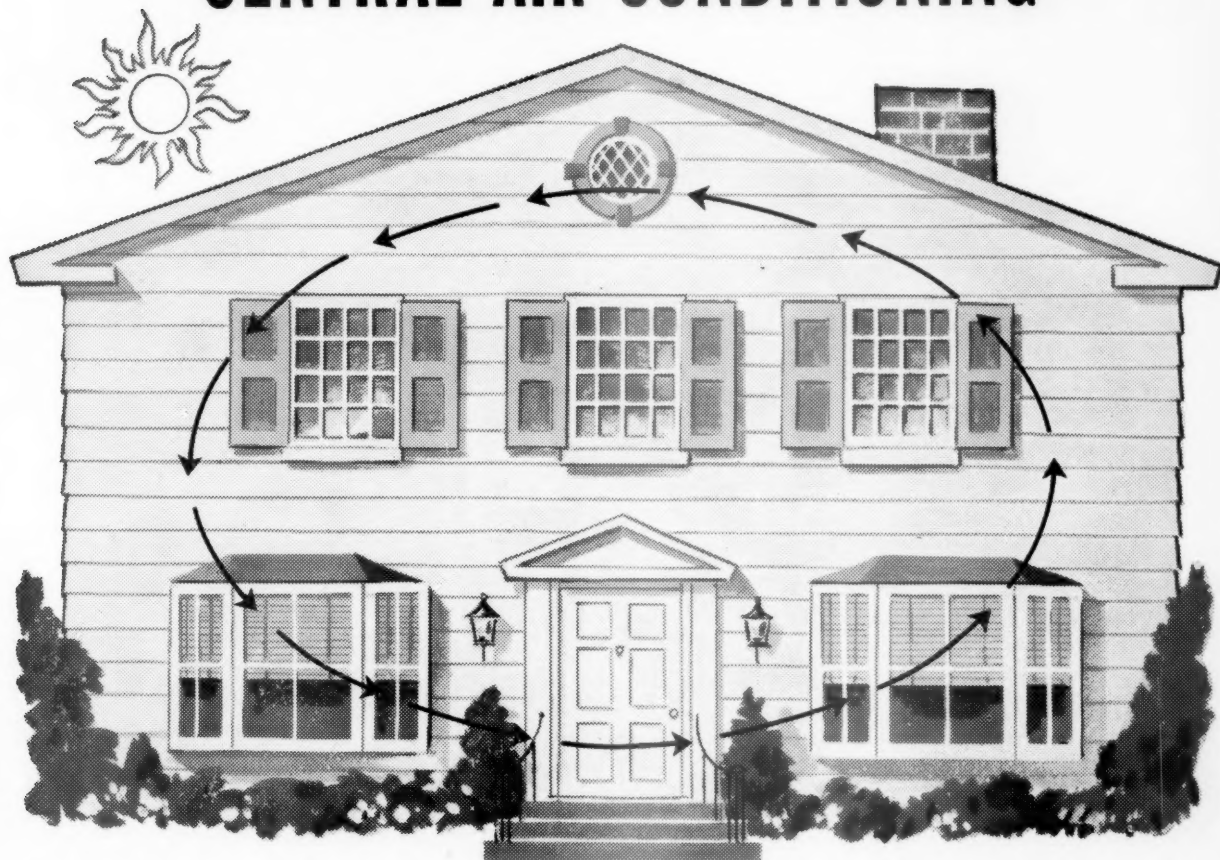
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Readers' Forum

(Continued from Page 164)

Kerosene oil was sold in large quantities on the route and at the store. Many people used kerosene lamps and cooked with it during the summer months. Uncle stocked a large supply of lamp chimneys, lamp wicks and burners. Some folks had gas lighting, so gas mantles were stocked too; also a supply of lanterns with their wicks, globes and burners.

Washboards, pails, kerosene cans, an assortment of brooms, blueing for washing clothes, clothes pins, wax for the bottom of old-fashioned flat irons, thread, safety and straight pins, an assortment of cold and cough remedies, liniments, tooth paste, and everyday drugs were stocked.

Whole and cracked corn, chick



J DISSTON

feed and scratchfeed were sold, from 100-lb. bags to small quantities.

Near the front of the store was a glass case for assorted candies. There was writing paper, also notebooks and other school supplies. Cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, and bottled soda were other items.

Evaporated canned milk at that time was a full 16-ounce can; since then, the size of the can has been cut down to 14½ ounces.

Potatoes were bought in the fall of the year and stored down cellar; many bushels, to carry over the store trade until late spring. I have helped sprout many bags of these potatoes when they needed sprouting, late in the season.

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